

# the arsenal cannon



june '35





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# the arsenal cannon



THE ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS  
INDIANAPOLIS  
INDIANA

june 1935



the main building



# foreword

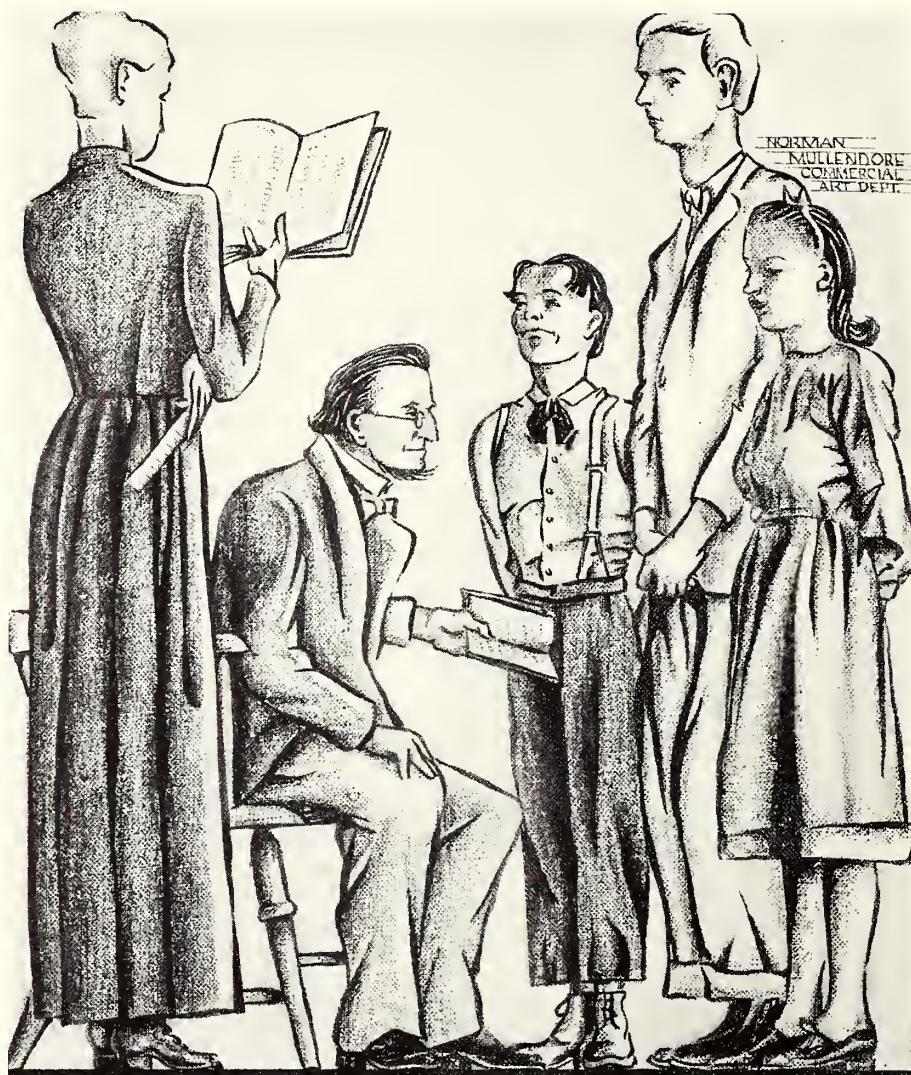
**t**hree hundred years . . .

Of youth seeking and age answering, and youth seeking still,  
Of roads taken and not taken, of dreams and fulfillments, of stars and telescopes,  
Three hundred years of America growing and America reaching for what she wanted,  
burning her fingers and not crying, America saying to her children:  
I give you knowledge for your thirst, for knowledge begets more thirst, and may you  
be always thirsty.

**S**trange, that high school education can be three hundred years old  
and still so young, so changing;  
But things are what they are made of, and what are high schools but boys and girls,  
belligerently young, impetuously changing?  
In 1635, the Pilgrim boys learned new lessons eagerly and rebelliously, for youth is  
always eager and rebellious.  
And years passed swiftly, fiery years of revolution, growth and assertion, hard lessons  
and proud success,  
Farms and cities growing, youth growing, high schools struggling up after the growth,  
And now, 1935 . . .

**N**ow is the fulfillment of hopes half-formed, dreamers of long ago,  
Here youth learns the hardest of all lessons, learns to know himself,  
Finds the reachings of his fingers and the facets of his mind.  
Today, unafraid, eager and restless, searching a new road, rejecting the old, youth still  
keeps wondering, still asks questions, delves in darkness and finds the light.





Suggested by an illustration in Scholastic. Vol. 26, No. 4.

**t**o a boy's dreams and a nation's hopes, fulfilling  
through three centuries,  
**and** to the birth of new dreams and new hopes,  
we dedicate this book.





**f**riendship and good times make pleasant the  
modern boy's high school life;  
**l**aughter and fun give flavor to the bread of  
enterprise and achievement.





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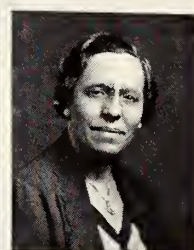
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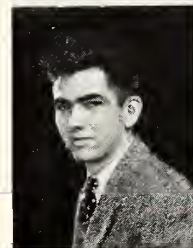
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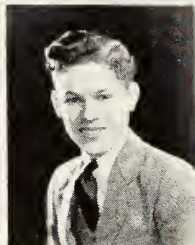
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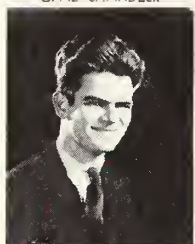
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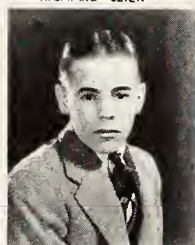
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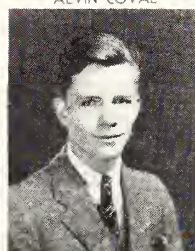
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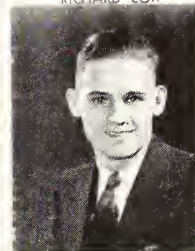
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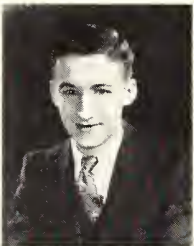


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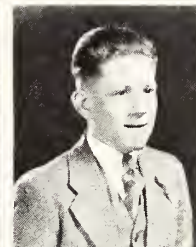
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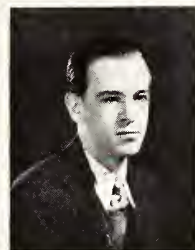
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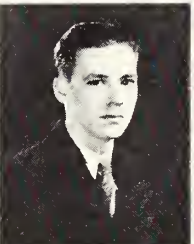
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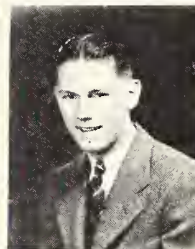
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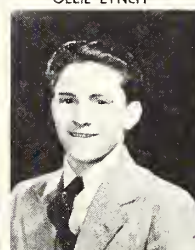
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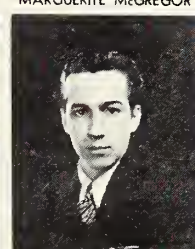
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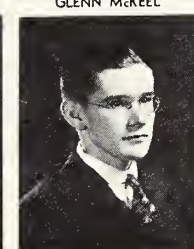
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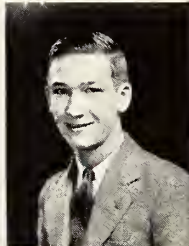
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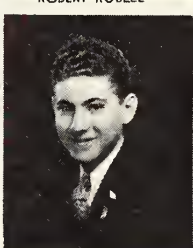
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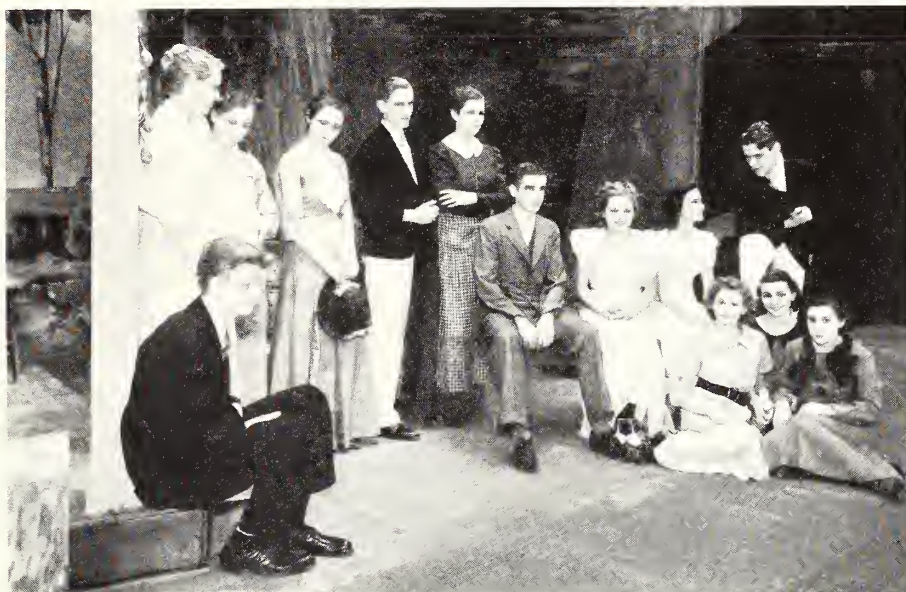
## song of farewell

Sing we the praise of friends tried and true;  
Sing we the days of meeting anew.  
Loud sound the song, gladly and bright;  
Speed we them on in honor, truth, and right.  
Be ye dauntless always, don ye heroes' array.  
Let no misfortune dismay, time will all things repay.  
Loud sound the song, gladly and bright;  
Speed we them on in honor, truth, and right.





the royal  
family



rebecca of  
sunnybrook  
farm

## REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

Play by Kate Douglas Wiggin and  
Charlotte Thompson

From the Book by Kate Douglas Wiggin

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rebecca Rowena Randall.....	Marjorie Miner
Miranda Sawyer.....	Joan Lay
Jane Sawyer.....	Anna Olson
Mrs. Perkins.....	Virginia Plunkett
Mrs. Simpson.....	Mary Jane Quillan
Minnie Smellie.....	Dorothy Rahm
Alice Robinson.....	Geraldine Loos
Emma Jane Perkins.....	Edith Seitz
Clara Belle Simpson.....	Mary Jane Wade
Adam Ladd.....	Frederick Roehm
Abner Simpson.....	Charles Matthews
Abijah Flagg.....	Marvin Williams
Jeremiah Cobb.....	Robert Roblee

## THE ROYAL FAMILY

By Edna Ferber and George Kaufman

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Fanny Cavendish.....	Alice Clark
Julia Cavendish.....	Mildred Gauker
Anthony Cavendish.....	William Craigle
Gwen.....	Louise Baker
Herbert Dean.....	Charles Aufderheide
Kitty Le Moyne.....	Maxine Floyd
Oscar Wolfe.....	Norman Judd
Perry Stewart.....	John Deering
Gilbert Marshall.....	Arthur Chesterfield
Della.....	Jane Kohnle
Jo.....	Milton Craig
McDermott.....	Norman Brennan
Hall Boy.....	Arthur Kasting
Messenger.....	Victor Dochez
Miss Peake.....	Margaret Conner
Gunga.....	Edward Hathaway

### STAGE STAFF

Miss Clara Ryan,  
Play Director

C. S. Stewart,  
Stage Director

Herbert D. Traub,  
Electrician





# THE TECH LEGION

**LEWIS BOSE**  
Commander

**LORITA KASTING**  
Lieut. Commander

**CAPTAINS**

Harold Calbert  
Mary Mae Endsley

Alice Heine  
Sterling Meier

Jeannette Robbins  
Mary Jane Wade

**the** Tech Legion, an honorary organization, has been established in order to recognize pupils who are outstanding in the attributes of citizenship and qualities of personal worth.

The emblem of the Tech Legion is a bar pin in green and white enamel—a white center with a square of green at each end. The commander, the senior with the greatest number of citations, has three gold stars on his pin; the lieutenant commander, who ranks second in number of citations, has two stars; and the six captains, those standing highest in their respective roll rooms, have one star.

For charter members, one hundred and eleven seniors were selected this spring.

**LEGION MEMBERS**

- |                     |                        |                   |                   |
|---------------------|------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Ruthann Alexander   | Evangeline Murphy      | Charles Bines     | Carl Nickerson    |
| Mary Alice Bair     | Elfriede Nordsieck     | Lewis Bose        | Henry Noffke      |
| Louise Baker        | Virginia Plunkett      | Morris Butler     | Norbert Olsen     |
| Wanda Blumenauer    | Jeanne Reed            | Harold Calbert    | Gerald Peterson   |
| Geneva Bontrager    | Jeannette Robbins      | Robert Coates     | Victor Peterson   |
| Mildred Brown       | Mary Margaret Ruegamer | Carl Corbin       | Richard Phillips  |
| Mary Carter         | Marie Schubert         | John Crawford     | Sam Privett       |
| Alice Cleveland     | Eva Sheffey            | George Curtis     | Robert Resiner    |
| Jane Eberhardt      | Martha Smith           | Otha Dobbs        | Robert Richardson |
| Mary Mae Endsley    | Mary Jane Smith        | Richard Geckler   | Robert Roblee     |
| Alice Bray Fittz    | Virginia Smith         | Owen Grady        | Edward Schock     |
| Maxine Floyd        | Marguerite Sommer      | Edward Hathaway   | Roland H. Schultz |
| Catherine Foerderer | Mildred Surenkamp      | Virgil Heistand   | Richard C. Smith  |
| Virginia Fowler     | Johanna Thomann        | Paul Hitch        | William B. Smith  |
| Mary Jane Hall      | Jeannette Thomas       | Norval Jasper     | Frederick Snyder  |
| Mary Lou Hamilton   | Helen Trueblood        | Frank Jordan      | Richard Stafford  |
| Alice Heine         | Mary Jane Wade         | Don Martin        | Blake Stone       |
| Helen Hibner        | Juanita Wallis         | Felix Masarachia  | Robert Starker    |
| Esther Jefferson    | Betty Wangelin         | Charles Matthews  | Robert Stockwell  |
| Mary Johnston       | Helen Webster          | Allison Maxwell   | Lawrence Sweeney  |
| Bernice Jones       | Betty Jean Wells       | Boyd McDonnall    | Oren Van Buren    |
| Lorita Kasting      | Evelyn Williams        | Robert McKee      | Ben Weaver        |
| Alice Kautsky       | Ruth Yunghans          | Paul Meacham      | Hugh Weaver       |
| Jane Kohnle         | Charles Auffderheide   | Sterling Meier    | Bernard Weber     |
| Joan Lay            | William Bancroft       | Fred Mindach      | William Weber     |
| Georgeanna McNeely  | Max Bear               | Wallace Moorman   | Marvin Williams   |
| Betty Mangas        | Donald Belrman         | William Morganson | William Wishart   |
| Dorothy Matillo     | Thomas Berling         | Franklin Moses    |                   |







**a** resident of Woodruff Place indicates the location of the old Arsenal cannon, once fired at sunrise and sunset.

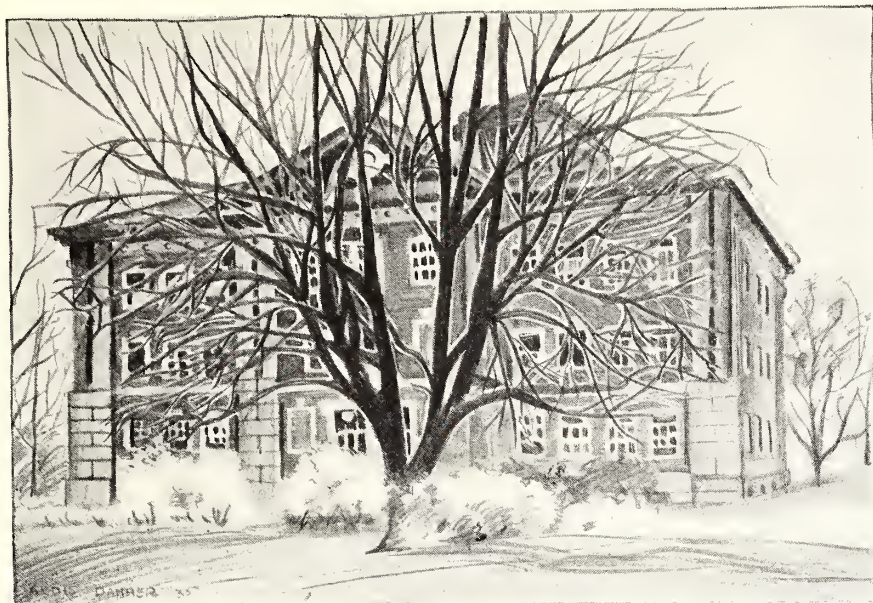


**a** two-ton boulder, uncovered during recent campus improvements, is moved to this location opposite the Guard House.

**the** senior class of 1934 presents a bronze tablet which is mounted on the boulder to commemorate this spot.







**the arsenal,**  
storehouse once of guns  
and ammunition, now  
houses potential flames  
of worthwhile accom-  
plishment.

## the main

Building, sheltering in  
wide arms the intense  
activity of youth, holds  
opportunity to learn in  
many fields.



## the new

Shops, where students  
prepare for future vo-  
cations, foster develop-  
ment in manual and  
mental skill.

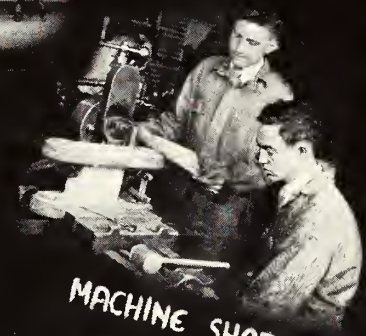




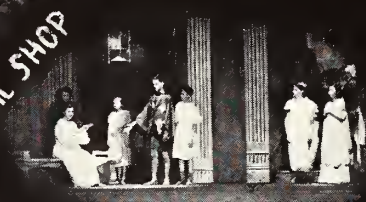
CANNON HIGH HATTERS



SHEET METAL SHOP



MACHINE SHOP



LATIN CLUB



A STRATFORD PROGRAM



DRESSMAKING CONTEST WINNERS



ESSAY

WINNER



ADVERTISING - SERIES - CITY



TECH

DEBATERS



STAGECRAFT BOYS AT WORK



A MODELING CLASS



# EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED AT TECH



english



mathematics



modern languages



latin



social studies



fine arts

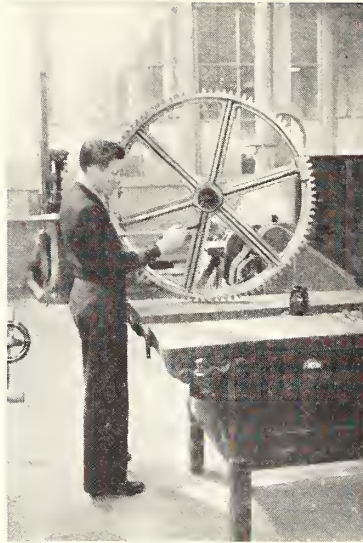


graphic arts





physics



metal crafts



commercial



auto mechanics



botany



home economics



physical education



health



military training





building crafts



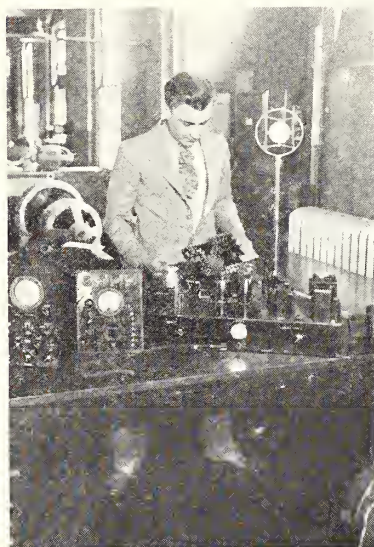
music



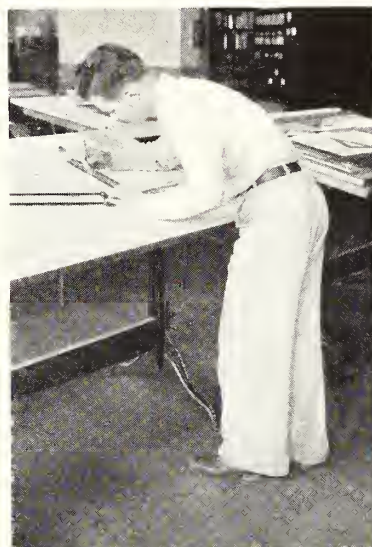
chemistry



zoology



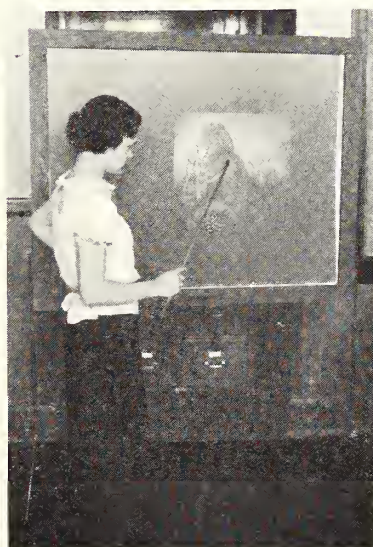
electricity



drafting



agriculture



physiography



extra-curricular activities





staff  
1



magazine  
staff



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Layout Editor.....Harold Thomas

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TYPIST



DOROTHY MATILLO

TYPIST



## TO A STUDENT 300 YEARS FROM NOW

**three** hundred years ago our forefathers, realizing the necessity of some system of advanced schooling for the youth of America, founded the nation's first home of secondary education, the Boston Latin School. This year we have been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of that school by paying tribute to those far-seeing men whose "flints and dry shavings" kindled the spark which lighted the torch of high school education. That spark was fanned from a little flicker of flame, as the years went by, into a feeble light, then a dim lamp, and finally into the

blazing torch which we now carry so proudly and whose rays of light seek out the dark corners of the world.

When each succeeding generation has caught the torch flung to it by those who have marched ahead, up the hill of Time, it has blown the torch into a brighter flame, has lifted it higher so that all who have followed might see the road. In the never-ending stream youth has always demanded more light to guide his way up the hill; those who marched ahead have always heard the cry and obeyed. Today, the torch light is the brightest it has ever been, in this, the year we are paying homage to those who kindled the flame three hundred years ago.

As the youth of America in the living present, we follow the example of our forefathers; too, we look forward to those youths who are to follow us. We see them, the youth through the next three hundred years, waiting to carry on; and so we join in the cry, "More light! More light!"





Bottom row, left to right: Emmett McCleerey, guard; Ben Weaver, guard; Glen Meier, forward; Don Hanley, forward; and Dale Hutt, forward.

Second row, left to right: Coach Reuben Behlmer; Jack Reedy, center; Amos Childers, guard; Eugene Bland, center; Christo Mocas, center; William Fischer, forward; and Athletic Director Fred R. Gorman.



## THE BASKETBALL SQUAD

**t**he varsity basketball squad completed a fairly successful season, winning six and losing twelve games. It was the victim of several heartbreaking defeats, losing games by a one-point margin.

The season scores are as follows: Tech 19, Frankfort 23; Tech 16, Richmond 25; Tech 19, Muncie 13; Tech 11, Rushville 20; Tech 23, Logansport 29; Tech 11, Shortridge 19; Tech 25, Anderson 26; Tech 30, Cathedral 17; Tech 22, Jefferson 27; Tech 19, Manual 18; Tech 18, Shortridge 27; Tech 33, Lebanon 21; Tech 23, Columbus 22; Tech 19, Franklin 17; Tech 21, Connersville 23; Tech 14, Newcastle 35; Tech 16, Shelbyville 19; Tech 28, Kokomo 30 (overtime).

## THE RESERVE SQUAD

Tech's reserve squad, with Mr. Reuben Behlmer as coach, completed a successful net season, winning eight of its regular scheduled games and retaining the city championship by defeating Manual and Washington.

Due to Coach Behlmer's illness, Coach C. P. Dagwell guided the team through the City Series, and Mr. M. W. Neu coached the squad through a few of the last games.

Team members were James Barnhardt, Carl Bolin, Karl Brauer, Kenneth Christensen, Robert Espich, Louis Held, Clifford Reed, Marvin Reno, and Jack Richards.

The season scores are as follows: Tech 11, Frankfort 20; Tech 21, Richmond 36; Tech 23, Muncie 18; Tech 16, Shortridge 26; Tech 28, Shortridge 29 (overtime); Tech 33, Rushville 15; Tech 35, Cathedral 17; Tech 20, Anderson 32; Tech 17, Newcastle 12; Tech 24, Connersville 22; Tech 23, Shelbyville 12; Tech 28, Kokomo 22; Tech 27, Columbus 21; Tech 23, Lebanon 24.

City Series: Tech 45, Manual 13; Tech 36, Washington 26.

## THE FRESHMAN SQUAD

Tech's freshman basketball squad, coached by Mr. C. P. Dagwell, completed a very successful season, winning seven games, losing five, and placing second in the city freshman league.

Harry Armour, Charles Hackney, Erwin Kramer, Loren LeMasters, Robert Lesman, Robert Marshall, Billy McDonald, Charles R. Smith, William Stonex, Marvin Swinford, John Swinney, and Richard Vollrath were members of the team.

The season scores are as follows: Tech 14, Southport 16; Tech 15, Southport 17; Tech 42, Broad Ripple 10; Tech 17, Shortridge 19; Tech 17, Manual 16; Tech 20, Washington 14; Tech 23, Cathedral 4; Tech 20, Broad Ripple 16; Tech 15, Shortridge 17; Tech 14, Manual 9; Tech 15, Washington 19; Tech 21, Cathedral 18.





Bottom row, left to right: Wilson Crawford, John Carr, George Lyday, Harry Adkins, Leland Hasseld, Ralph Williams, Hartwell Kaylor, Leonard Brown.

Second row: Lewis Bose, Gene Baker, Leonard Durham, Virgil Heistand, Don Staley, Herman Kerberg, Paul Jordan, Franklin Brown, Bozidar Stoshitch.

Top row: Coach R. D. Behlmer, Gilbert Coovert, Walter Spiller, Bob Schaub, Manager F. R. Gorman, Hugh Weaver, Lawrence Sweeney, Robert Lingenfelter, Coach P. E. Myers.



## THE TRACK TEAM

**Under** the direction of Coaches Paul Myers and Reuben Behlmer, the Tech Harriers have made a creditable showing.

With only two lettermen, Bose and Weaver, returning from the preceding season, Coach Myers has turned out a fast aggregation. The following boys have done well in their particular events: Brown, mile; Kerberg, hurdles; Coovert, high jump; Staley, shot put; and Williams in the dash.

With a score of 22 points, the fleet-footed tracksters placed fifth in their opening meet of the year, the State Indoor Meet. Horace Mann retained the Indoor crown with 46 points, while Froebel placed second with 26 points. Lewis Bose won the 880-yard run when he broke the tape in 2:08.8. Lingenfelter also won in the 440-yard run.

Warren Central came up for slaughter, Wednesday, April third, when Tech invaded the former's camp and humbled the team, 84 1/3 to 32 2/3. Tech won nine events and scored slams in the quarter-mile and half-mile events.

On April eleventh, the Techites traveled to Kokomo to drop a 73-to-44 decision to the Wildcats. Tech captured its only firsts in the high

jump, hurdles, and shotput, and tied for first in the high jump.

Following this battle the boys romped off with a 74-to-43 victory over Wiley of Terre Haute in a dual meet at the Tech oval, Friday, April nineteenth. Ralph Williams was the only double winner, placing first in the 100- and 220-yard dashes.

Tech retained the city championship title in the second annual Indianapolis City Track and Field Meet at the Tech oval, Friday, April twentieth, winning by the high score of 71 3/4 points. Records were shattered in all but four events.

[Continued on Page 44]

## THE GOLF TEAM

The Tech links squad, coached by Mr. E. V. Rutherford, has won its two opening matches of the present season. The local golfers downed Shortridge, 6 1/2 to 5 1/2, at the Speedway course, Wednesday, May first. In their opening match with Jefferson of Lafayette at Jeff on April twenty-sixth the Techmen won handily by a 8 1/2 to 3 1/2 score. The North Central Conference golf meet scheduled at Marion on May fourth was postponed because of poor playing conditions.

All home engagements are played on the Speedway course.

Members of the team are Wedmore Smith, George Urquhart, John Laffey, Wayne Montford, and Richard Martin.





## JOHN A. MUELLER

**t**he entire student body wishes to express its gratitude and appreciation to Mr. John A. Mueller, retiring football coach, for the services he has given to the school. Not only has Mr. Mueller upheld the standards of the school, but also has produced competent football teams which capably represented Tech in meeting outstanding opposition throughout the state.

In order to devote more time to the Reclassification department, of which he is the head, Mr. Mueller has retired as football mentor and turned over the coaching reins to Mr. Robert L. Ball.

With a warm friendship and appreciation for Mr. Mueller that will never be lost, members of present and former football teams and the entire student body no less warmly welcome our new football coach, Mr. Ball, who accepted the responsibilities of this position early in the semester.

## INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Intramural sports have now gained a strong foothold in the athletics of Tech. Each year finds more and more students taking advantage of the opportunity intramural athletics offer for those who like to play the games, but are not good enough to place on the varsity or reserve teams.

In the early winter, basketball teams were organized from freshman shop and gym classes. These twenty teams were formed into four leagues of five teams each with each team playing once or twice a week. This gave almost one hundred and fifty boys a chance to play.

Proof of rising interest in intramural sports is evidenced by the many entrants in the ping-pong tournament. Five hundred and fifty boys participated, with Milton Dills defeating Robert Schaub to capture the title.

Students are privileged to use the tennis courts before and after their programs. During lunch hours handball, ping-pong, and horse-shoes are being enjoyed. Several students formed an indoor-baseball league, with games played after school.

## THE GOLF TEAM

[Continued from Page 43]

Traveling to Kokomo, Saturday, April twenty-seventh, the Green and White cinder-men placed eighth in the tenth annual Kokomo Relays held at Kautz Field. Froebel annexed the championship, scoring 31 points.

Tech amassed a total of 51 points, scoring in every event except the pole vault, to win the sectional title and to qualify twelve men for the state meet, May eleventh. Tech's nearest competitor was Shortridge with 18 1/3 points.

## RESERVE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

With only two days of drill in which the whole unit participated, the Tech R. O. T. C. squad, led by the music of the Band, swung round the gate and headed onto the athletic field for the fourteenth annual inspection day, May eighth.

Adverse weather conditions which had made it impossible for the unit to hold extensive drills finally drew to a close and inspection day arrived, fair and warm. The colorful and enthusiastic crowd which overflowed the bleachers watched approximately six hundred and seventy-five cadets perform their marching and calisthenics drills in an effort to bring the honor rating to Tech for the fourteenth consecutive time.

This unit, which is the largest ever to have been in an inspection here, was reviewed by Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Mort, Field Artillery, and Major J. H. Davidson, Infantry.

## THE TENNIS TEAM

With five veterans—Norman Von Burg, Carl Shade, Ralph Linder, Carl Bohne, and Don Behrman—reporting, Coach M. W. Neu began try-outs for the tennis team on Tech's new concrete courts in preparation for a 7-meet schedule beginning May ninth at Richmond.

The North Central Conference meet which was slated to be held at Marion, May fourth, was rained out and changed to the Tech courts for May eighteenth. When the CANNON went to press, the remainder of the schedule was as follows: May 14, at Franklin; May 16, at Shortridge; May 21, Richmond, here; May 24, Franklin, here; May 28, Shortridge, here.

## GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

With the cooperation of the 1,000 students enrolled, the girls' Physical Education department has displayed a continuous development. In the spring semester tournaments in basketball, volleyball, volleying tennis, archery, and baseball have been sponsored, together with the semi-annual all-school tennis tournament. A well-balanced program is offered in the eighteen classes—one consisting of corrective exercises, dances, gymnastics, and sports.

In the annual Play Day, held in recognition of Supreme Day in May, the girls compete in running, jumping, throwing, and kicking. Ribbons and points are awarded to the first three winners in each event. A point system has been organized, and on this basis awards are presented at Honor Day every year: a bronze ATS pin, 350 points; a silver T-E-C-H pin, 700 points; and a gold bar, 1000 points. These are given to those who show outstanding ability in the various sports and types of class work.





**M**aking of reading a spur to thought and the art  
of setting down thought,

**M**odern youth develops incentive to literary crea-  
tion and discrimination.





# TOO MUCH REFORMA- TION

## twelve-year-old

Joseph was his mother's chief worry. She recalled the interview which had taken place just a week ago today. While darning one of Joseph's pants' pockets—which had once held, among other things, several marbles, a sling-shot, some beebes, and a dead frog—she had asked him the usual questions concerning his accomplishments and his behavior. The former he answered to her satisfaction, but then he hesitated.

"Joseph, something's wrong," she had said. "Come and tell me all about it."

"Aw, heck, Mom, it's not much," he had managed to force out.

"Yes, I know it. That's what you always say. Now tell me what you did. Come on, out with it!" she had said as he hesitated.

"Aw, gosh, I might as well tell ya. You'll find out anyhow!"

"Watch your language, young man," she warned.

"See, there's another thing. Allus jumpin' me for usin' my own lingo. I hain't one of these cream puffs like Bettie Ann Stockham. And if I was, I wouldn't brag about it!"

"Don't talk like that about such a nice girl, Joseph. Now tell me what has happened and don't stall," she added.

"Wul, today, Bettie Ann . . ."

"I thought so. Bettie Ann again. Well, go on," she interrupted.

"Well, today she called me a little brat, an' so when lunch-time came, I got to thinkin'!"

"Yes, go on."

"Well, I thought it over awhile and then I said ta meself, 'Sompin's gotta be done.' So when Bettie's maw came after 'er an' Bettie was walkin' down the walk so grand on those stilts of hers, I threw a banana peel in front of her."

"Oh, heavens! Did she fall?"

"Naw, that's the worst part of it. Her ole mom kicked it outa the way. But then I was madder than heck, so when she passed me, I tripped her."

"Oh, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks. "Then did she fall?"

"Sure," answered Joseph, "and was I tickled! But when I saw the teacher a comin', I beat it."

"My, Joseph, I'm completely surprised at your conduct," she said. "Tomorrow you go straight to Bettie's house and apologize."

"What! me tell her I'm sorry? Aw, Mom,

have a heart. I don't wanna spoil that butter-ball some more."

"Now you hush up and march straight to her house tomorrow; I'll attend to you later."

Mrs. Brooks mused over this reflection as she saw him stampeding down the street and carelessly swinging his arm around until she thought it would come off. In his hand he clutched a card which had once been white.

"Oh, dear, now what?" thought Mrs. Brooks.

"Boy, oh boy!" Joe called. "Lookie what I got. It's an ole invitation to Bettie's party. Haw-haw! As if I'd go!"

"Let me see it, Joseph."

"Sure, here 'tis. She must think she's hot. Watcha think she did, Mom?"

"Well, what, Son? I can't imagine."

"She came up ter me, this mornin', an' talked in that high-fallutin' tone of hers, ya know, like one of these women who allus go around puttin' glasses they can't see through, up to their noses."

"Do you mean society women, Joseph?"

"Yeah, that's the fancy name for it. But she said to me, 'Joseph, heah is an invitation ta mah pahty. I hope ya can come.' As if she could fool me with her lies. 'I hope ya can come.' When she said that I felt like . . ."

"Wait a minute, Joseph; what did you say after she gave it to you?"

"Oh, I tole her I'd think about it."

"You did?"

"Uh huh."

"Are you sure those were your exact words, Joseph?"

"Naw, not exactly. But they were sompin' to that order."

"Well, you tell me exactly."

"Why, maybe I can't think of them now, Mom."

"Well, you try. Go on," she added coaxingly.

"I jest tole her I didn't wanna."

"Didn't you give her a reason?"

"Aw, I tried to, but she didn't understand. Them gals never do. I tole her that these parties didn't have any sense to 'em. You hafta listen to all this silly stuff, such as, 'Pleased to meetcha' when folks don't even mean it."

"Is that all you told her?"

"Well, then I finished up by telling her that all you get out of it is a taste of ice cream and cake, an' even then you hafta stand for a silly smile from some ugly girl. If ya ask fer some more ice cream, everybody looks atcha like the teacher did when I brought the dead rat to class last summer."

"What did she say when you finished, Joseph?"

"Oh, she looked sorta queer-like at me and made me feel funny inside—like you do when

[Continued on Page 53]





## THE PACKAGE

**The** subway train jolted and rumbled its way along the tracks. It was so filled with jostled humanity that it seemed at every lurch as though the doors would surely burst open. Standing in one corner was a small, insignificant looking man holding a package wrapped in newspaper. Seemingly unimportant as the package looked, it nevertheless was of great value. Its bearer, John Gladden, was a teller in the First National Bank and was taking this package, filled with two hundred crisp ten-dollar bills, to the Second National Bank. Mr. Gladden was a small, middle-aged man, a typical specimen of the honest, hard-working, middle-class man of today.

At this moment he was extremely nervous, realizing the contents of his package and recalling disturbing details of the recent crime wave which had been baffling the police force. Gazing fearfully about him, he noticed a large, hard-looking man, apparently interested in the car advertising. Strangely he had the uncanny feeling that this man was eying the package. The brakes gave a sudden screech, and the car stopped suddenly; the passengers were tumbled

about. John Gladden was thrown to the floor, and the package was knocked from his grasp. As the passengers began to disentangle themselves, Mr. Gladden searched frantically for his precious bundle; at length he found it, and breathing a sigh of relief, he prepared to leave the car at his station.

Getting off the car, he started to mount the stairway; but sensing a disturbance, he turned to see the large man dash out of the car and begin to walk briskly toward him. Immediately his former suspicions returned, and Gladden hurried upward with increased speed. Peering over his shoulder, he perceived that the man had also increased his speed and was rapidly drawing closer to him. Could it be that this was to be a bold daylight robbery? Faster and faster hurried the frightened bank-teller. He could see no policeman anywhere; he decided that if he was going to save himself, he would have to depend on his own legs. Turning down a narrow, one-way alley, he broke into a run. One glance backward was enough to convince him that his follower had seen his action and was now rapidly overtaking him. To increase his terror, the alley apparently was deserted. Spent and weary, John Gladden turned to face his pursuer.

The man came to a panting halt and gasped, "Say, Buddy, we got our packages mixed back there in the subway; you have my package, and I have yours. I need my lunch."

ben weaver, english VIIc.



## BASEBALL

**When** Abner Troubleday wrote the rules for the great American game, baseball, he little realized what strange practices would develop in connection with this new sport.

No less a personage than His Excellency, the President of the United States, throws out the first ball for the opening of the baseball season. Wilson did it; Coolidge did it; and Franklin D. Roosevelt does it now.

In no other country and in no other game in the world could a spectator arise when it came the turn of such a star as Babe Ruth to perform, and shout, "Hey, Ruth, you're a bum! You hoid what I said! You're a big bum!" No policeman will lay violent hands upon him. If the party so addressed hears it, he will turn for a moment and grin cheerfully at his defamer and then go on about the business at hand.

Baseball is the only game where two or three of the nine men do all of the work while the rest stand around ready to be helpful in case an emergency should arise, as when a ball is batted into their sectors. The only two athletes who work up a sweat during the course of a nine-inning game are the pitcher and the catcher. The pitcher is at the focal point on the diamond, the center of all attention. He is a hero when the batter strikes out, and a "bum" when the same player connects, and the ball is batted for a home run. Most of the spectators forget, however, that the pitcher is merely an obedient machine who does entirely what the catcher tells him to do by means of finger signals. The burly catcher is the more intelligent of the battery, as pitcher and catcher are called. Ninetenths of the pitchers are also directed by the backstop, who is supposed to be a keen student of the weaknesses of every hitter in the league.

But most amazing of all is the system of baseball slavery in the heart of a constitutional democracy, through which baseball players are bought, sold, and traded like so much inert mer-

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## WHERE THERE ARE CHILDREN, THERE IS NO PEACE

**thud!** a rock resounded against the side of the old barn. Thud, smack, and more thuds! Then the neighborhood about the Holt's residence was the scene of a general chaos. Red and his gang had invaded the camp of the innocent ones who were completely unprepared, except for two kettles, three dishpans, and one garbage bucket, all full of rocks which, they would have told you, had been dug solely for the beautification of the alley. Civic duty was developing already in their young minds.

The field of the defenders resembled a battlefield in more respects than one. Large gaping holes appeared to be shell holes, but were really the spots whence the ammunition had been dug. Here the boys sorted the rocks from tin cans, glass, and dirt, putting the desired ones in the above-mentioned containers. These were

then lined along the fence closest to the logical point of attack. Frequently, when pans to hold the missiles were running low in number, all involved drew lots to determine the one who was to invade the kitchen for more.

"Practice makes perfect" was the motto of the group. Each day practice was held when the weather and mothers permitted. Unless a small picked window could be hit from a distance of thirty feet, the guilty one was a "sissy." Strange as it seems, the youngest member of the clan was the best sharpshooter.

The parents of the Holt child, in order to make him satisfied, built a playhouse which was immediately called the "Clubhouse." Here dramatic scenes were reproduced, the type depending entirely upon the particular mood of the "hoodlums."

Many sounds issued from the house: every sound from the blood-curdling yelps of pirates sailing the Spanish Main to the imitation of war songs of American Indians. George Washington crossed the Delaware; Hickman was tracked to the very steps of the club; the gold regions of the Klondike were rediscovered; parachute jumps were made off the roof; battles raged on the Western front; circuses presented all the local acrobats and animal trainers; winter to-

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## REFLEC- TIONS ABOUT TREES

**William** Cullen Bryant wrote:  
"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language:—"

This is particularly true in regard to trees, for their messages are interpreted by people in many different ways. There are those who seem to understand only the language of those trees whose gifts of fruits satisfy human wants for food. This is not the fault of the trees, however, for they speak many different languages and it is the ignorance of people which causes them to appreciate only one value of a tree.

Perhaps to a lumberman a tree speaks of possessing just so many board-feet of building material. To the artist the tree tells of its gracefulness of form and proportion and its beautiful coloring of foliage and blossoms. To others the trees express their usefulness in providing

fuel for the cooking of food and for warmth when the chilly winds blow. The manufacturer of paper doubtlessly looks upon a tract of timber as so many tons of wood-pulp. The railroad builder thinks of a tree in terms of numbers of railroad ties. The owner of telephone or telegraph lines values trees for the tall, strong poles they will make. Certain manufacturers, when they observe a grove of trees, think of their value as finished farm tools, implements, furniture, or as sources of cellulose from which guncotton, collodion, or rayon cloth are made. The master craftsman of fine musical instruments judges woods by their capacity of being changed into instruments having beautiful, round, musical tone. Still other trees speak of the value of their sap; such trees include the maple, from which maple sugar is made; the pine tree, from which tar, resin, and turpentine are obtained; and the rubber tree. To the tanner the barks of certain trees speak of the value of their extracts in changing hides into durable leather. To the conservationist the trees announce themselves as agents to prevent soil erosion. To the weary traveler the tree offers shade from the hot rays of the sun and shelter from the rain. Surely when one considers the countless ways trees contribute to the welfare of man, he realizes this world

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## VENGEANCE

**the** morning was balmy and refreshing; yet the shrubbery and trees seemed to sway in a rather lazy manner to Joe Robbins as he idly sauntered down the campus walk. The day was just beginning, and the air smelled fragrant and wholesome—a good day on which to be alive if—

A thousand erratic thoughts wandered aimlessly through Joe's mind—composition for English . . . tennis game after school . . . composition . . . a dance in the evening . . . composition . . . a vision of loveliness with soft brown hair . . . composition.

Oh, hang it all anyway! Couldn't he keep his mind off that aggravating story he had to write? Yes, he knew that it was due that afternoon, but for the life of him, his mind refused to yield a single idea for a short story.

Suddenly Joe seemed inspired. Why hadn't he thought of that file of themes in the fraternity house before? Surely in all that contribution from the alumni he should be able to find something. With quick strides he reached the fra-

ternity house and found the case. Soon Joe found one that fulfilled the assignment, but it was graded only "B."

Oh, well, if he wrote one himself, he probably could do little better, and it would require only a short time to copy the composition.

That afternoon Joe handed the story to his professor with a display of nonchalance and indifference.

A few days later the students received their papers back. Joe's eyes fairly bulged with surprise when he saw at the top of his a large red A-plus.

The professor, looking directly at Joe, could not fail to see Joe's astonishment.

"Is something wrong?" the professor asked.

"Yes,—no, no, I mean, yes. No, I mean no." Joe stammered.

"Was the grade on the composition worrying you?" continued the professor. "You see, it's this way. A very dear friend of mine wrote that composition when he was attending this university, and he has always felt indignant because he received only a 'B' on it. When you handed in the same story, I reflected that this would be an excellent opportunity to avenge him. Oh, yes, by the way, that dear friend was myself," and the professor smiled satanically.

maxine floyd, english VIIIc.



## GALLANT LADY'S TRIUMPH

**I**'ll never forget the day when old Sam came into the stable and pausing before my stall said, "Wa-a-ll, Gallant Lady, yoah day is about ovah. Has yoah all seen massah's new ho'seless ca'iage? Almost need a step ladda to get in the thing, an' I guess yo' jus' fall out. I told massah I'd leave dis old wo'ld fast enuf wi'out leavin' it at de rate ob ten miles a hour. An' I'll say dis much fo' you, Gallant Lady, we don't haf to tu'n no crank ta get you sta'ted."

Sam ambled off, muttering and grumbling, leaving me to ponder and meditate on this strange, unseen enemy. I could not picture a future without the long pleasant Sunday afternoon drives with the happy family riding confidently behind. How proud I was to carry my beautiful mistress in the saddle or young Tom on the fox chase! But too soon was I to realize the ingratitude of the human race. Day after day I gazed out on the happy goings and com-

ings in which I had no part. What a left-out feeling! The same looks of admiration and envy that I had always aroused were transferred to this impostor.

Sam was the only solace in my sorrow. In spite of the added care and work, he never neglected my daily rubbing down or the brushing of my flowing coal-black mane. The dark painted finish of my rival did not compare to my shining satin coat.

One day old Sam came in looking like a thunder cloud and said, "Come along, Gallant Lady, yoah da' is come back. I knowed that tin can was a joke. Po' way to treat a lady like yo' is, and I is sho gwine to tell 'em."

With Sam mounted on my back and leading Prince, my mate, behind, we were soon on the road to town. It had rained the night before, and the roads were muddy and slippery. Imagine my surprise at the sight of the family pride reposing in the ditch! To my utter consternation we were actually backed up and hitched to that contraption! Boiling with rage and humiliation I fairly flew over the ground, fearful of meeting some acquaintance to witness my disgrace.

As time passed on, the snorting and wheezing in the rattlebox, as Sam called it, became almost unbearable. It sounded as though every



bone was loose. Whenever I saw my loved ones drive away, I was filled with anxiety until I knew they had returned.

With a heavy heart, I realized what lack of exercise was doing to me. My speed would be broken down all too soon. My muscles were becoming stiff!

One warm spring night I was rudely awakened by frantic efforts being made to start the horseless carriage. It was as stubborn as old Becky, the mule. Buzz, buzz, it went—but it would not move. I sensed that something terrible was wrong. The windows of the big house were ablaze with light.

Suddenly a familiar figure appeared at my side with saddle and bridle. He led me out, mounted, and said, "Do your stuff, Gallant Lady, for the sake of love."

The spark I thought was dead within me came to life, and I was determined to meet my master's expectations. We soon covered the five-mile run. Quivering and gasping, I reached the doctor's gate. In scarcely a minute we were headed toward home again, the doctor following on his powerful roan. I could feel myself losing ground, and soon the big roan flashed past me. "Steady, old girl, steady," said the kindly voice above me. But to my bursting heart, it was a challenge.

At last, dripping with foam and shaking like a leaf, I made my way to the stable. Luckily the door was standing open. Sam was having a night off. There was no one to remove my saddle and put my much-needed blanket over me.

This incident almost cost my life, but I have no regret, for I saved another life, and my reward is great. When morning came, I felt soft arms around my neck and tears raining down upon my face. "Thank you, Gallant Lady," said my mistress, "you kept the faith and saved our dear boy."

Nothing is too good for me now. When I pass the dejected form of my rival standing near by in the shed, my triumph is complete.

madeline mills, english IIIa.

## WHERE THERE ARE CHILDREN, THERE IS NO PEACE

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bogganers skimmed down a slanting runway from the roof to the ground; the massacre of General Custer by the Indians was complete even to the war paint applied with school water colors. All these and more were held in this

fascinating little structure of wood where imagination was at its peak.

In the same yard another club house was made by the boys of the neighborhood, but this was an underground one. The necessary hole was dug, about ten feet square and two and one-half feet deep, stooping room only; then three large plates of sheet steel were placed over the hole. Over this, dirt was scattered for a satisfactory camouflage. An attempt to have a small stove resulted in the smoking out of all the occupants of the club in one minute flat. Here, with necks and backs bent, the boys related all the fascinating topics which their parents had discussed in their presence. After a few minutes in the "new home," it was necessary to scratch; and the room was just large enough to get into, but not large enough to accommodate every one and his elbows.

Among the other treasures in the yard was a cherry tree. Tarzan of the Apes was the most enjoyed game here. Play platforms were built and torn down time and time again. In the evening when the youngest member of the Holt family had problems to brood over or cry about, the topmost branches were sought. In fact, on one of these excursions to the top of the tree the young ape, losing his footing, came falling through the many branches only to land on his head. This naturally didn't hurt him to any extent except to dislocate a few vertebrae.

Children cannot always play peacefully, and the back yard was the scene of many a fight which developed sometimes into a "battle royal" with everybody participating. The windows, if they still remained, and sills frequently had to be washed because mud balls made such "messes."

The parents of these boys often remarked, "Where there are children, there is no peace."

dale holt, english Va.

## BUGLE CALLS

**impressed** upon my memory  
Are bugle calls: first, reveille;  
Then mess call, welcomed most of all;  
Next, after resting, swimming call.

**then** comes retreat, and the day is done.  
The cannon fires with the setting sun,  
There's a call to quarters as the campfire glows,  
And after taps comes sweet repose.

george richards, english Ia.



## BASEBALL

[Continued from Page 47]

chandise. Baseball players are caught young by minor league managers, developed, sold, or traded to the major leagues; and thereafter, if they want to play ball, they belong to their purchasers. By trade and sale the players' allegiance shifts from city to city, sometimes two or three times in a season. None of them know when they will be "sold down the river"—that is, swapped or disposed of to an undesirable city. They are completely at the mercy of their employers. Thus great ball teams are put together, not through their owners' and managers' developing promising players and drilling them until they become an unbeatable machine, but with a cheque book. If the owners have enough money, they can buy enough great stars to make a winning team. This, in the final analysis, is most truly American of all.

vernion mckinney, english VIIc.

## REFLECTIONS ABOUT TREES

[Continued from Page 48]

would be a very dismal place in which to live if there were no trees.

But though different individuals value trees for certain gifts, it has been the poets who seem to understand their full message of both usefulness and beauty. Theodosia Garrison, in her poem, "Shade," wrote:

"The kindest thing God ever made,  
His hand of very healing laid  
Upon a fevered world, is shade."

Perhaps the most famous verses about trees are those written by Joyee Kilmer in which he makes a tree seem almost human, and acknowledges that "Only God can make a tree."

Henry Van Dyke, in his poem, "Salute to the Trees," shows that he understood their various languages:

"Many a tree is found in the wood,  
And every tree for its use is good;  
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,  
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;  
Some for the shelter against the storm,  
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;  
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,  
And some for the boat to breast the stream;  
In the wealth of the wood since the world  
began  
The trees have offered their gifts to man."

leland scholl, english IVg.



## PENS VS. TYPE-WRITERS

If you've ever had to peck out a long composition on a typewriter by the "hit-when-you-find-it" method, you will be very enthusiastic in your praise of pens.

Pens are symbols of mentality and importance. Picture an ambassador of peace signing another "scrap of paper" with a large pen, a flourish, and fourteen news-reel men. Or imagine that the Governor is portrayed signing a bill which prohibits people from harboring more than fifty dogs in their household at one time. These people never use a typewriter for the simple reason that the written signature is individualistic, and many of our political leaders are rugged individualists.

Pens are romantic, quaint, and pleasant reminders of the old day when knighthood was in flower and many of the world's greatest writers were blooming, too. Shakespeare's writings, which will live forever, were written with a pen. It would be much more pleasant to watch him push his beautifully feathered quill pen across his writing paper in his old house on the Avon than to see a modern writer sitting hunched over a clackety, noisy typewriter pounding away amid clouds of cigarette smoke and piles of empty pop bottles.

As yet, there has not been perfected a typewriter with which to write music. Think what the world would have missed had Victor Herbert been forced to wait for this development in mechanical engineering!

Nor have our inventors contributed to us a vest-pocket typewriter for taking notes in class.

It is universally admitted that the typewriter is vastly superior to a pen. As a piece of mechanism, I'll grant that, too. Pen points break, and ink spills, but once you have dropped a typewriter ribbon, you will quickly forgive the pen for any of its minor faults.

Perhaps I have been a trifle hard on the typewriter. It really has one good quality. As you know, our government officials, from the President on down, are lying awake nights figuring out ways and means of re-employing our idle. I repeat, the typewriter is superior in one respect. It takes more men to build a typewriter than to construct a pen.

charlotte smartz, english Va.





## OLD REBELLION

**the** world moves slowly; time and space are here

Drowsy duennas of a timid earth;  
And this round sluggish ball, of portly girth,  
Turns round the sun each transitory year,  
Each hour a movement, each a studied turn  
That brings it on its measured way around  
The old, old path again. Its course is bound  
To aimless circlings that attain no bourne.

I hunt the boundless; soon I shall fling free  
To dash myself against unnumbered stars.  
I'll walk sure-footed where a planet chars;  
With new-born laughter fill infinity.  
And as I pass one petty sun awhile,  
I'll see the tiny circling earth, and smile.

mary mae endsley, english VIIIc.

## SHADOWS

**twilight** shadows, dancing all around the room;

Little men with funny hats, prancing in the gloom;

Lively figures come to life, but they're not there to stay;

The fire will die, and dawn will come,  
And then—they'll go away.

jnnior danner, english VI.

## SONGS FROM A GEOGRAPHY

**listen...**

Lowly throbbing  
Night-cooled music, swaying silks,  
Breath of silence from an old  
Convent garden,  
Sun-strong laughter,  
Dusty red of painted carts rattling down a narrow street,  
Whispering of fans and softer whispering behind them,  
Tiny fizz of translucent wine bubbling into crystal glasses.

Listen . . .

Strumming of guitars and babies crying under shawls and matin bells ringing molten gold.

Listen, while I repeat them softly, letting the liquid syllables fall . . .

Valencia . . . Barcelona . . . Guadalajara . . .  
Seville . . .

mary mae endsley, english VIIIc.

## THE QUEEN OF NIGHT

**As noiseless** as the wind that blows,  
As soft and white as wintry snows,  
The queen of night glides through the sky  
Like a silver boat 'mid clouds on high.  
Fairies dance in her silver stream,  
And children play 'neath her friendly gleam.  
Around her glitter tiny maids  
Who appear as soon as daylight fades.  
The tiny moonbeams oft I've seen,  
Frollicking about their stately queen.  
They carry her train of glimmering light  
Far into the depths of the winter night.

roberta johnson, english Ia.

## MARSH-GRASS

**little** green marsh-grass  
Wading in black water,  
Bending low, whispering  
To the Swamp-King's daughter.

What does she say?  
Is it of good?  
Or doesn't she care  
There in the mud?

With her black hands crawling;  
With her wild voice calling!

Slender, waving marsh-grass  
Moaning in the breeze,  
Wash your faces of the mud—  
Rise up like the trees!

Why do you stay?  
Because of love?  
Does she know  
You're there above?

Watching where the green slime floats;  
Watching for the Swamp-King's boats!

charles aufderheide, english VIIIc.

## SHADOWS

**Shadows** love to play with you when  
you're walking down the street:

Sometimes they're far ahead of you, and sometimes at your feet;

Sometimes they're pacing back and forth with measured tread and slow;

Sometimes they're hurrying on ahead as fast as they can go.

But when behind a fleecy cloud the sun its face does hide,

I look and find there are no shadows walking by my side.

bessie allender, english VI.



## TOO MUCH REFORM

[Continued from Page 46]

you catch me in the pantry. Then she made a face and walked away."

"Did you make one back?"

"Now supposin' you were in my place, would you have made one back?"

"Joseph, I asked you a question."

"If you really wanta know, it wasn't a very big one. I just stuck my tongue out the least bit. I could hardly see it."

"Is that all you can say for yourself?"

"Well, then I pulled down my eyes, pushed up my nose, and wiggled my tongue so it'd be fancy."

"You did!"

"Uh huh."

"Joseph, go upstairs and get me something. You know what. It's usually on the dresser."

"Ah, Mom, you wouldn't whup a feller fer makin' a face, wouldja? Gee whiz. If I can't find the hairbrush, then watcha gonna do?"

"In that case, I'll use a stick."

"Aw nerts, you women allus have a way." Thus he grumbled on the way upstairs; then he added, "An' when I'm president, there won't be any more hairbrush factories—or even sticks."

The next day, Joseph, much to his disgust, told Bettie that he was very sorry about his previous attitude, but that although he couldn't attend, he thanked her for having thought of him. All of this came out in one breath.

One bright summer day a few weeks later, Joseph, after finishing his breakfast, brushed his hair and started for school. As he turned the corner, he noticed a small white figure a block away trying to get across the street.

"Oh, it's just one of them pesky helpless gals," thought Joseph. "I'll go down and help her across."

As he walked deliberately down the walk, he noticed a small white puppy beside the girl. Upon looking closer, he discovered to his surprise that it was Amos, his own pup. Just then he saw this fluff of white fur dash across the street. But before the little pup reached the other side, he hurt his foot and, evidently, couldn't move. Joseph started to run. He must reach Amos before he was hit. Then he saw something that he could hardly believe was true. The little figure in white dashed across the street, picked up Amos, and ran to safety on the other side. She had barely escaped an accident, for around the corner there came a large, fast-moving van. Joseph kept running toward the two, and all the time he was wondering who the brave girl could be, and how he should reward her. Maybe he could give her an apple pie. No, she wouldn't like that.

As he came closer, he shouted, "Is he hurt?"

"No," answered the small girl, "his foot is just sprained a little. I'm tying it with this handkerchief so it will feel better."

As he heard these words, he was very much startled, for it was Bettie Ann's voice. He looked at her again, doubtfully. Yes, it *was* Bettie. "Uh, well—uh, thanks a lot for saving my dog. Gosh, I didn't know you gals was so brave," he stammered, embarrassed, after some pause.

"Girls," corrected Bettie.

"All right, gurls," he repeated, pronouncing it with emphasis on the "u."

"What made you think girls weren't brave?" asked Bettie.

"Oh, I don' know," he answered, "I allus thought gals, I mean girls, was sissies."

"You did! Well, I guess you'd better take Amos home and fix his leg better. I'll explain your absence to the teacher."

"Yeah, I guess I'd better," he answered as they both got up from the curb. "Gee, ya know you're not such a bad feller after all, are ya?"

"Oh, I don't know. What do you think?"

"I'm not sure, but I guess you're O. K. Ain't she, Amos?"

"Isn't," corrected Bettie.

"Yeah, isn't," repeated Joseph.

"Well, you'd better get Amos home."

"So long. Hope I kin do sompin' fer you some day," he explained, hesitatingly.

"That's all right. It ain't anything."

"Isn't," he corrected, and they both laughed.

"Gosh," mumbled Joseph on the way home, "she's not a coward, and I kinda like her now. Yup," he confided to Amos, "she's tops with me because she's no sissie." He turned his face to hide his embarrassment for he saw the twinkle in Amos' eye.

He would have been surprised if he had known what Bettie was thinking as she entered the schoolyard.

"He is a nice boy," she thought to herself. "I didn't know he could be so polite. Well, from now on I won't be the 'stuck-up little brat' he called me last week."

The next few years found Bettie and Joseph wonderful friends. He had made a regular tom-boy out of her. She knew how to play marbles, climb trees, ride a bike, and roller-skate.

"She's a wonder," thought Joseph as he watched her scale the highest part of an old oak tree. Just then she yelled to him.

"Hey, Joe, I'm up here. Now ya hain't got me beat!"

"Haven't," he corrected.

"Aw, nuts," she responded. "Watcha think I am, a sissie?"

"Gee whiz," he sighed deeply, "what will I ever do to make her act like a girl again?"

margaret fargo, english IIIa.





## MISS LYLE HARTER

**the** senior class of 1935, representing all the senior classes of Tech, offers its sincere gratitude and appreciation to Miss Lyle Harter, retiring senior sponsor.

Miss Harter came to Technical in 1914 as school librarian, taking charge of a small room with but few books and one set of encyclopedias. Under her guidance the library grew so rapidly that soon it was moved into larger quarters.

In January, 1919, Miss Harter assumed the duties of one of the senior sponsors of the June senior class, now known as the L-Z division, and from that time until January, 1935, she has made the welfare of the seniors one of her chief interests. She has been generous with her time and her effort, more generous still with her kindly spirit of helpfulness and enthusiasm. Every senior coming under her supervision has felt the flattering interest and sympathy which she has given each one individually.

But the demands of a growing school upon its library have kept Miss Harter more and more busy. Feeling that she must devote all her time to the librarianship in order to serve her school best, last semester she regretfully transferred her tasks as senior sponsor to Miss Alberta Kappeler.

With a warm friendship and appreciation for Miss Harter that they will never lose, the senior class of 1935 welcomes no less warmly their new sponsor who has accepted her responsibilities; and it promises the continued cooperation of future would-be graduates who will find Miss Kappeler devoting her time and understanding to Technical's senior classes.

## IN APPRECIATION

Editors of the June magazine wish to thank the following seniors who mounted the senior pictures: Robert Roblee, James Skinner, Edith Seitz, Mary Louise Slater, Mary Rita Sheehan, Richard Scott, Ralph Sherman, Donn Rieger, and Helen Salmon; and the following members of the Layout class who assisted the layout editor: Alma Fisher, Maurice Llewellyn, Harry Llewellyn, Earl Moore, Gerald Wiker, Donn Rieger, and Donald Baker.

Thanks are also due the following boys in the Print Shop, who set type for the senior names: Marshall Conc, James Holderfield, Lawrence Kirkwood, Joe McGuire, Bruce Moore, Roy Moore, and Henry Schmidgall.

They appreciate the cooperation of Mr. Herbert Traub who took all of the campus photographs used in the magazine. They thank Ardis Danner, John Grepp, and Charles Nett who drew the campus sketches on page thirty-five; also the Indiana Board of Agriculture for the privilege of using the picture on the back cover.

The editors extend their appreciation to Marion Wortman, Deo Dawson, Ardis Danner, Donald Behrman, Harold Hefner, and Robert Randal whose art work appears in the magazine; and to the following faculty members who served as judges for the Literature Contest: Mrs. Ethel McIntosh, Miss Grace Bryan, Miss Ruth Bozell, Miss Jane Strain, Miss Margaret Remy, Mrs. Mary Dove, Miss Olive Brown, Mrs. Barbara Camp, and Mrs. Rachel Schumacher.

## SENIOR JOTTINGS

Size of Class: Approximately 1,010.

Class Colors: Green, brown, and white.

Motto: "Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it."

Class Gift: Additional furnishings for the Senior Committee Room.

Class Plays: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," November 23, 1934, Auditorium.

"The Royal Family," April 26, 1935, Auditorium.

Senior Projects: Raising Scholarship Average, "Campus Clean, Campus Quiet" campaign.

Winter Party: January eleventh.

Tech Legion Inauguration: March twenty-ninth, Auditorium.

Spring Party: May third.

Class Day: May twenty-fourth.

Vesper Service: June second, Auditorium.

Honor Day: June third, Auditorium.

Commencement, both class divisions: Tuesday, June fourth, Butler Field-house.

## BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Basketball, soccer, indoor baseball, and track are just a few of the sports in which members of the boys' physical education classes participate as part of their regular classwork. Morals, health habits, and cleanliness are stressed in addition to physical activity.

Two new teachers have been added to the staff of the department: Mr. M. W. Neu, who is also coaching tennis; and Mr. R. L. Ball, who is also head football coach.

Report card grades are given the boys on a basis of points, given for participation in tests and trials which occupy several days of each grade period.





# have a laugh!

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S MARE

### Characters:

Minnie (*but she's no moocher*)

Cedric (*Mr. J. Cedric Pippindale to you*)

A Mr. Franklin Stein

Minnie's Mother

(Scene: Minnie's house. Minnie is standing in front of the fireplace on a valuable rug made from a Baer skin that her Uncle Fritz, the Behrman, had Barton sale not Berry long ago—her mother enters.)

MINNIE'S MOTHER: Meier my! Get Aufderheide at once, Minnie; Foster matter with you! Alas, a-Lackey; I am Akin all over and I'm not Abel to worry like I should. We Bose have to worry though because we can no longer Carey the mortgage Crawford or backward. Mr. Stein says that un-Loos we pay him today, we Macy our furniture in the street. Such a Schock!

MINNIE: Don't Worley, Mom; Habig is the mortgage?

MINNIE'S MOTHER: Only \$100.

MINNIE: Conley do nothing about it? Wenz he coming back?

MINNIE'S MOTHER: I tried Ebersole much to Duvall I could, Antibus just not enough! He said he'd be back at three today.

MINNIE: Can we Gano sympathy from him? The Crooke!

MINNIE'S MOTHER: None! (They both break down and weep.)

MINNIE: Oh, here comes Cedric, my Hanscom Deering; he will help us!

(Enter Cedric)

MINNIE'S MOTHER: Pardon me, but I must go to the kitchen. I have a Hammond, and I'm afraid it's Browning.

CEDRIC: Holt on here—Frymier goodness, what is the matter?

MINNIE: Oh, Cedric, Mr. Stein says we have to pay our mortgage today at three or he will Compton throw us out!

CEDRIC: I feel like Keeling him. Buchanon do anything about it, huh? Well, what time is it?

MINNIE: Oh, it's almost three!

CEDRIC: Altenbach the clock. I think I Hathaway out. But no, that won't work. Here he comes!

(Enter Mr. Stein)

MR. STEIN (*playing "You're in My Power" on his left mustache*): Ah ha! I am Esken once more, will you pay or will you pay? (*Addressing Cedric*) If she does not, I will Bender back until she is Buenting two.

MINNIE: Oh, please, I Wilson pay.

MR. STEIN: Now or never.

(Minnie's Mother enters)

MINNIE'S MOTHER: Oh, won't you consider the other Childress?

MR. STEIN: Fosso important about them? (*Approaches Minnie.*) Ah ha, my dear—

MINNIE'S MOTHER (*sharply*): Don't you get Chumley!

(Cedric interposes)

MR. STEIN: So! All Wright Yunghans—but be careful lest Zufall hard.

(Storm clouds have been gathering on Cedric's fair brow—lightning now flashes from his eyes and suddenly with a thunderous roar he leaps at Mr. Stein. But—Mr. Stein has him Coovert. Cedric is as quick as a Fox, though; he knocks the gun clear Krauss the room.)

MINNIE: Hattabaugh, Cedric!

(Cedric soon proves to be the stronger and Mr. Stein in panic runs out the door, jumps into his Wangelin, and rides away. On his way out, the mortgage drops from his pocket. Minnie runs out and tears the mortgage up.)

CEDRIC: I just Loftin laughed cause I knew he was a Lilley. Come, my love.

MINNIE: Goodby, Mother dear, I must go Widmer lover.

(Curtain)

### WHAT FLAVOR, PLEASE?

And in that Business Organization class the teacher said, "I can remember when girls only used powder on Sundays."

"Yeah, now they use it on their faces and put chocolate on their sundaes," whispered the wise-cracker sitting next to Louise Baker.

### SALMON FOR DINNER!

Norman Judd has his own way of interpreting lines. During an early rehearsal of "The Royal Family," he came to a line which was supposed to be, "Oh, the heartlessness of this coquette!" But Norman said amid gestures, "Oh, the hardness of this croquette!"



Yours truly,







